WRAT GREATER JOY THAN WAD-ING ALONG THE SHORE?

m That is Enjoyed by Old and Young Allke-The Pleasurable Banger of Get-ting Clothing Wet-Scenes at the Beach. The little innocents who go down to the searesorts hereabouts have, artistically, much the advantage of grown folk, who mar the

ing to the lifelines. There is the merry charge of the barefooted little brigade into the receding rollers and the scurry toward the beach when the surf rushes in again. That is indeed delightful, not only to the screaming youngsters, but to all the folks who line the sands. The temptation to wade is almost irresistible to all the little ones. It would be likewise to the big ones if there were not an unwritten law against

There is no loveliness like that of little maidens who have not reached the age where bash-



pert who captured the pictures presented here-with was surely aware of the loveliness of his cubjects, and anybody who has been down to hore, especially near the democratio

in ungraceful bathing suits. The snap-shot ex- | fulness begins. What do they care for the mul titude that may gaze upon the symmetry of their unstockinged calves. All they want are the coo caresses of the wild waves. If you should



see such irresistible visions as the artist shows | the ankles of little children." us on any fine summer day. The little girls are much fonder of wading than they are of bathing, probably because wading is cheaper.

recincts of Coney Island and Rockaway, may | they might answer, "It's mighty nice to kiss The cherubs like, now and then, to ge their rolled up shirts somewhat moistened Then they make a pretty pretence of



getting their clothes wet. Who has not seen and enjoyed these beautiful bevies by the sea? Here are tots just able to toddle sitting contentedly on the sand at the



dipping their chubby feet into the water.
Children of larger growth, in all the plumpness of early girlhood, with their skirts rolled nearly up to their waists, wade out until they get their



clothing just barely touched by the pulsating simply because their bubbling juvenile spirits of whom are not too poor to hire bathing for them, do not permit them to into the surf for fear they may get washed away. They do permit them to wade, however, because there is no danger in that amusement, and probably much more fun

Three Fumous Locomotives.

From the Albany Argus. The 999 is still the queen of all locomotives. Her run of 4365; miles in 425% minutes stands as a world's record, and her mile in 32 seconds has never been equalied in this or foreign constries. But it is more than probable that within the next few months the New York Central officials will order one of those records broken by another engine, and will then give the 656 an or portunity to enter into the record-breaking business again.

by another engine, and will then give the 1999 and a portunity to enter into the record-breaking business again.

Engines 888 and 870 came out of the New York Central's shops at West Alhany, where the 966 was built. The 870 will be rechristened, and will be known as the 777. They are now youning regularly on the Empire State express, and the company is experimenting with thom by running them first on one division and then another, under different engineers.

At present the 966 takes the Empire State express from New York to this city, the 888 from Albany to Syracuse, and the 870 from Syracuse to Huffale. The engineers of the three flyers are as follows: On the 969, Archie Buchanan and Dennis Cassin; on the 888, Thomas Bormady and Edward Chase; on the 870, James Foyle and Matthew Heagan.

The other day Mr. Chase left Albany with the Empire State express, thirteen minutes late, the distance, 95 miles, was made in 90 minutes. Alsany in 50 miles, was made in 90 minutes. Alsany in 50 minutes the other day. Constituting be said: "I made the run from Utea Alsany in 50 minutes, and I could have kept up not speed all day. Considering the run of 55 minutes in 50 minutes. I believe that I could make

While wading is their chief delight they also extract much by by digging caves in the sand and creeting temples formed by conical sand heaps compressed in the pails. Then they also die passaces through the sandheaps, and when carh little worker meets the other digging toward the centre there is as much jubilation as if a North River tunnel had been completed.

130 miles in 175 minutes. That may sound like branging to some people, but I am sincere in making the statement, for I made the 95-mile run without the least lit of trouble, and could have done it much quicker.

The difference between the speed which an ordinary engine can make and the average speed of the 900 is shown in a run made by that engine lest Thursday. The engine left Syracuse one bour and ten minutes late with the St. Louis express. The train consisted of elected cars, and had two stops to make, one at Utica and the other at Schemettady. The train arrived in Albany on time, the time having been made up in a run of 153 miles.

Their Hats Guard Their Seats,

The practical mind of the New Yorker is illustrated in the practice that has been adopted in one of the so-called dairy restaurants in Nassau street. Chairs are provided for patrons of this restaurant, but there are no waiters, everybody belping himself from the dishes piled on the helping himself from the dishes piled on the counters. At the beginning the result was that whou a person got up from a chair to get something from the counter he would usually find his chair occupied when he returned. Unleasant feelings were engetdered, and several times rows were barely averted. Finally a genius put his hat in his chair to todicate that he would return. The idea was quickly taken up, and has now become the custom. Nobody ever disturbation chair cantaining a hat, and there is no more trouble. Newcomers appreciate the unwritten law, also. A FROSTY NUTMEG WOOER. THE GUESTS WERE THERE,

UNCLE MEECH CAME NOT. n Brench of Promise Sult Against Him for 85,000 Her Troussens and Piano-Thrifty, Skittlah Uncle Stephen,

Nonwicz, July 18,-All New London countr is a titter just now over Jennis L. Treadway's very odd breach of promise of marriage suit against Uncle Stephen M. Mosch, and since the county is rather narrow for so much sport it has overflowed its borders, trickling all about cast-

ern Connecticut.

According to Miss Jennie's story, sworn to by her mother, the perfidious Uncle Stephen has been courting her for more than a year, the redding day was set, the wedding guests had actually gathered to witness the nuptial rite in bright array, and then Jennie opened a letter from Stephen M., saving that "the die was or something of the kind, and he had called the match off.

Most of this, especially the climax part, came to pass in June.

Not long ago THE SUN printed a brief individual map of Uncle Stephen M. Meech of Preston City village, in so far as it was possible to deplet him successfully without colors, parallels, and meridians, and a marginal scale, Uncle Stephen is certainly the queerest case in the county or any other county. He is an old bachelor farmer of the adjoining rural Andrew Jackson hill town of Preston, who dwells all alone in a shady farm house on a nice farm in the outskirts of the pretty hamlet of Preston City, the capital of Preston township, six miles east of this city. He is only 72, while Jennie is going on 18

years old; in fact, she is just 1716.

Uncle Stephen is a little, short, round, stubbed kind of a man, with a thatch of milk-white hair, a very ruddy face, clear blue eyes, with the quick, active step of the bounding gazelle. A tremendously smart walker, he bounds off the earth with the hop, skip, and jump flight of a ball of thistic down blown by the autumn wind. He never goes anywhere so far away that it is necessary for him to use a team in travelling thither, unless, perchance, some one cise urnishes him with the team for nothing; but then, to Uncle Stephen's marvellous pedestrian powers almost any place is accessible that is outh of the Canadian border.

He is decidedly "near," in the New England interpretation of the term. He dresses principally in cowhide boots, with tronsers stuffed into their tops, one suspender, with a couple of shingle nails, a chip-straw hat, and a hedgerow of white whiskers under his chin, like a fringe of ripe rye about a rare-ripe pumpkin in the happy autumn fields. Everybody in this land knows Uncle Stephen, and he is "toler'bly familiar with ever'body in his section."

Uncle Stephen had been a happy bachelor, dwelling with his old mother, for just seventy years, with no bias toward the quicksands of the matrimonial sea, no especial leaning to any mermaid in that sea, when suddenly one morning

maid in that sea, when suddenly one morning all the long latent affection in his bosom rose up and kicked.

The old man had always been intensely fond of music—his only weak point—particularly of the female voice warbling after nightfall, and country musical soirées and concerts in halls and schoolhouses were the only blessed diversions that ever were able to tap his stock of providence through his pocketbook. He never begrudged fifteen cents, or even a quarter, he said, "fur a swarey or a fiddle concert," Music "sorter lifted him up and carried him away," he explained, and not seidom it bere him as far north as Danielsonville, in Windham county, 37 miles distant from his home. He walked it, both ways.

37 miles distant from his home. He walked it, both ways.

With a concert in Davidsonville, or Jewett City, or Poquetannuck, or Volumtown, he could fill himself with melody enough, as a camel loads up on water, to last him for a fortnight afterward. He apparently Just let it swash around in him while he was busy with "chores" and his other farm duties, and while it was occing out of him in this way, dwindling like the water of a reservoir in a drought, his aged mother pieced out his falling supply with evening songs.

water of a reservoir in a drought, his aged mother pieced out his falling supply with evening songs.

But when he was a little over seventy he buried his mother, and then there was no one to sing to him at home, and the old house seemed dark and ionely. So he began to cast about in his mind's eye, seeking a youthful female nightingale who might be willing to wed him and sing to him "stiddy" for her board and clothes—board more particularly.

In the course of a year he tried a number of sparking ventures, always with royal songstresses; in fact, "set up stiddy" for well outer three mouths," but in each instance, right in the midst of his nuptial proposal, the designing young woman apparently began to hedge in a financial way, evinced a sordid, mercenary craving for more substantial after-marriage perquisites in prospect than board and "clus."

They were all alike. Every one of them wanted the old man to sign papers and legal things giving them half his farm and bank deposits in Norwich.

But Stephen is awful "skeery" on the pecuniary side of him, and just as soon as he discovered that Suste or Jeannette or Georgianna was in the affair for business, while it was all love and

But Stephen is away.

But Stephen is away.

But Stephen is away.

By sile of him, and just as soon as he discovered that a good of him, and just as soon as he discovered that of the search of the second, the told them squarely and roundly that they "cud all go ter thunder." He could draw out of a thing of the sort with amazing alacrity, and he did draw out, to, "and don't yer forgit it."

Some folks "dew say" round Preston City that the old man had successfully drawed out of the serious complicity of the serious in the serious complication. The serious is serious in the serious in the serious complication of the serious control o

are commer than the winter. This also is true of rooters.

After the Swedes and Danes as punctual and reliable remi payers come the tiermans; then, oddly enough, the colored population, whose promptitude is perhaps somewhat explained by the remark attributed to a colored whitewasher, "We pay punctual, not because we wants to, but because we must."

The number of houses into wides colored people are received as temants is limited, and what, therefore, a colored man becomes difficulty in the payment of his rest there is always another colored family to be found ready to lease he apartments. The partiality of colored people for western houses is well known, but no ever here given.

There are clusses and subdivisions among the tenants of frish-American. French Bohemha, Seatch, English, and Spanish dwellers in New York (if y's tenance), house, but by concurrence the poorest of all tenants in respect to prompt payment of rents, the most disputations and most invarient of rents.

milliners kiting about the Swain farmhouse, camping for weeks on the premises. Miss Jennie strousseau was findricated. It was all in creamy white, with finitering ribbons, flutes and fluffs and drifting spray of lace; and after Miss Jennie had demied the gear one day just for a trial trip, all the Ashwillit girls momentarily suppressed their envy and jealousy and said she looked "real regal."

But, alia! all unbeknown, unsurmised by the prospective young bride, there was trouble in the wind and trouble on the old man's mind. It was of a summer's evening in the Swain homestead, it seems, and Uncle Stephen had been listening entranced to Jennie carolling, that is to say, about two-thirds entranced—when that lively and thoughtful, perhaps too thought-rul and prudent, damed crept up under the old man's wing, nestled there, and coosed—the fact is, so Stephen avers, she aprang the same old chestnut on him which his other flances had done, about Jointures or something, special prerognitives, and provisions for herself in the matter of the mutual Meech estate in project.

That settled it, although the old man didn't say overmuch just them; but, always aly and skeery in respect of his pecuniary possessions, he shied completionsly at Miss Jennie's propertion. No, he said, he couldn't make any rash promise about the future, and he even declined to forfeit to his sweetheart his proprietary, copartnerskip, half-ahare interest in Miss Jennie's \$300 piano.

Miss Tread way, to put it middy, was nipped, but she veiled her chaprin, so there was no open.

THE PEPPERMINT HARVEST. | celves from Lorons. The retailer makes of TALE OF THE PULLMAN CAR.

he shied completenously at Miss Jennie's proposition. No, he said, he couldn't make any rash
promise about the future, and he even declined
to for foit to his sweetheart his proprietary, copartnership, half-share interest in Miss Jennie's
\$000 plano.

Miss Treadway, to put it middly, was nipped,
but she veiled her chagrin, so there was no onen
outbreak and quarrel; and at 9 o'clock precisely
—It's early hours in North Stonington—the oid
man slid out of the house sileutly and slid home
afoot and across lots.

It is still a moot question in Ashwillet and
Preston city—one faction thinks one way and
the other "ngas contrawise"—whether Miss
Treadway inspected things after her evening exsocutive session on finance with her national
lover; at any rate, she went straight shead, like
the well-regulated young woman she is, with her
preparations for her nuptilal, it was gay and
loyous summer weather on June 27, and two
towns turned out in holiday mood and Sunday
finery to attend the Mesch-Swain outglaids.
The Swain homestead was through them
footed Miss and in the discensity. In fact,
commented an animated and expectant native,
"Seems's of everybody an' lis wife hed come
ter see the tis-sup;" true, everybody about, except Uncle Stephen M. Meech. He didn't come.
And naturally, under the circumstances, his inexplicable absence was remarked. It was noted
wonderingly by "everybody and his wife," and
more particularly by Miss Treadway herself and
the officiating clergyman, who had got all ready
to do his work, and certainly needed him. But
he never came, Miss Treadway, however, is no
Marisan of the meated graing heeded him. But
he never came, Miss Treadway, however, is no
Marisan of the meated graing which way
she notified the company that the natch had
been declared off, producing a letter from her
recreast suitor, in which he wrote that on account of the financial speculations involved in
their late ante-nupital interview, he had become
"skeery" of the consequences.

Therequous the bridal party dishanded, and
his

watched Peddler Burnett gather the wild pep-permint crop of their fields and roadsides before t occurred to them that he was making quite a snug sum of money every year out of the oil he distilled, and some of them began to wonder if there was anything in the way of their gather ing the crop and making a few dollars out of it themselves.

They finally made up their minds that there vas nothing in the way, and by and by they began to transfer the plant from the places of pain or an ache or an ill feeling in the past forty years.

Cerminly Uncle Stephen is the picture of hale and rosy health and robust vigor and healthy animal spirits. Less than a year ago his brothers and sisters fruitlessly essayed to have the old man declared to be daft, incapable of managing his estate, and they asked Probate Judge Carter of the Norwich district to appoint a conservator over him. But Uncle Stephen ambled into court with the spirit and vigor of a "three-year-old," and quickly convinced the Judge that he had more hard sense than half the men in the community.

was nothing in the way, and by and by they began to transfer the plant from the places of its wild and spontaneous growth to places where it could be entityated as a regular farm crop.

The plant improved by cultivation, but so little general importance was attached to it that not more than two or three hundred pounds of peppermint oil was distilled in any one year. In those days the chief supply of peppermint oil for the world came from China and Japan. Not more than 500 pounds was distilled in the United States annually.

In 1844 H. G. Hotchkiss was keeping a little country store at Phelps, Ontario county, near the Wayne county line, and in the peppermint belt. In the course of his dealings with the farmers of that vicinity he had taken their peppermint oil in payment for goods until he had on hand so much of it that he would lose money if he could not dispose of the lot for \$1,000.

That was a tremendous quantity of an essential oil, even as useful a one as peppermint oil, to find a market for from an unknown peppermint producing district, and Hotchkiss saw that his only hope was to make it as a revelation to the general market that there was a locality in this county where peppermint oil could be produced in such quantities, and to depend on the quality of the oil to make it a standard product.

He placed his large stock of oil in the caus and brought samples of it to New York city to surprise and capture the market. He surprised it, but did not capture it. None of the drug houses would buy or handle the Wayne county oil because they did not believe it was pure and could hold its own against the Japanese and Chinese oil. Hamburg, Germany, being the great centre for the sale and distribution of essential oils, Hotchkiss resolved to test the peppermint oil of Wayne county in that were as any oil then on the market, and placed it in the bottles herminally sealing them. On each bottle he put a label, as follows:

"Peppermint oil, from Wayne county, N. Y. U. S. A. Guaranteed pure by H. G. Hotchkiss." and quickly convinced the Judge that he had more hard sense than half the men in the community.

No grass has grown under Miss Treadway's feet since she instituted civil proceedings against the venerable Stephen. Acting under her orders, a day or two ago, Deputy Sheriff Story of this city, with a writ of replevin, recovered the energetic young lady's \$500 piano from its temporary lair in the Meech homestead, and assisted her in setting it up in her Ashwillet home.

Stephen, moreover, parted with it in the utmost good-humor. In his opinion, there's a good time coming, not many months shead, when the chicken—that is, the pianof—will come back to roost with him.

Then, too, a Norwich attorney expressed the opinion that it will be mighty hard to convict I noice Stephen of breach of promise of marriage, since he has wedded none cise, and may easily plead that it is his intention still to marry Miss Treadway in the same good time coming, either near at hand or remote.

NEW YORK'S REST PAYERS. Italians and Tentons are the Best Tenants -Polish Jews the Worst, The collection of rents from tenants occupyng the premises in tenements of the cheaper

class is not, real estate agents report, as difficult as it was last summer during the period of acute financial stringency. The number of men actually out of work in New York and deprived absolutely of all revenue from their labor is less than it was a year ago, and, besides this, the

great majority of men have been able to adjust themselves and their expenses to the new condition of affairs imposed by reduced wages and work at half time.

But, be the conditions of business good or bad. here is one class of tenants which for promptitude and regularity stand at the head of all others, and these are the Italians or Italian-Americans. Like others of the Latin-American races, Italians are not lacking in sentimental views of current matters, but they have come to regard the punctual payment of rent as a condition precedent to existence in a large city of the United States, and whoever else may wait,

United States, and whoever else may walt, butcher, baker, grocer, peddler, or marketman, the landlord or his agent must be paid on time and without delay or reduction.

The position of agent or rent collector is not the same among italians as it is among other classes of the tenement population of New York. In Italy about half of the farming land is not leased for a stated realst, but for a percentage of the product of the soil, and the occupant, therefore, becomes not merely the collector for the landlord, but not allie, to a limited extent, the partner of the haddord.

Whether it is this relation which affects favorably the petition of the Italian tenant to the New York landlord is a question which me on has yet undertaken to decide, but the fact continues to be accepted by all real estate agents that in proportion to their numbers fishings are the best rent payers.

Then come the Swedes and Danes, whose thrift is proverhial, and who enjoy usually the hearting of steady wages at a rate which does not fluctuate, and they are freed, therefore, from nany of the disappointments which altered those who work "of and on," and whose actually during a lawy senson is offset in the disappoint of a deal each of the disappoint of reades summer is called.

The converse of this is true in some trades summer is called.

er is called. The converse of this is true in some trades - a

after being busier in summer than in winter, I such authors work as paving and those suches of the stoneunter's business which connected with it being more active in the amer than the winter. This also is true of ders.

BIAS VELUTINA

seri that it was as pure as any oil then on the market, and placed it in the bottles, hermetrically sealing them. On each bottle he put a label, as follows:

"Peppermint Oil, from Wayne county, N. Y. U. S. A. Guaranteed pure by H. G. Hotchkiss."

He consigned the oil to a house in Hamburg, naming his price for it if the goods were accepted. Several months elapsed without anything being heard from the shipment. Then Hotchkiss received a craft for the amount he had asked for and an order from the Hamburg house for another consignment of the Wayne county oil, the most of the Hotchkiss oil having been sold by the German firm to the dealers in New York city, who had refused to have anything to do with it when Hotchkiss offered it to them from first hands. That shipment of New York State peppermint oil to Hamburg was the beginning of an entirely new branch of agriculture, not only in this country, but in the world. The demand for Wayne county oil grew rapidly, until the farmers made the cultivation of the peppermint plant their chief labor.

Hotchkiss gave up all his other business, and became a grower and distiller of peppermint on an extensive scale. The father of the American peppermint oil industry, he has for fifty years controlled it, being known the world over to-day as the Peppermint King.

The average annual yield of peppermint oil in Wayne county is 150,600 pounds, nine-tenths of Lyons, which is virtually dictating the peppermint oil market of the world, as Wayne county die commanded from 40 district where the plant is cultivated and the oil district where the plant is cultivated and the oil district where the plant is cultivated and the oil district where the plant is cultivated and the oil district where the plant is cultivated and the oil district where the plant is cultivated and the oil district where the plant is cultivated and the oil district where the plant is cultivated and the oil district where the plant is cultivated and the oil district where the plant is cultivated and the oil district where

Hotokiss still packs the Wayne county oil in office made after the exact pattern of the lost-es in which his original shipment to Hamburg a 1844 was packed. His importation office and sating rooms at Lyons is the centre of the per-sermint oil trade. There nearly all of the oil stilled in Wayne county is bought. Not a ound is purchased that does not sustain every at for party.

The Wayne county oil goes to market abso-tely the purc expressing of the persermint

P\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ ACTINAT IS A PERFECT FLECTRIC POCKET HATTERY UNLIGHT AT ALL TIMES AND IN

ALL PLACES BY YOUNG OR OLD, IT HAS HADE AND IN MARING THE BLIND SEE! THE DEAF HEAR! And never falls to cradicate

THE PEPPERMINTHARVEST.

IT Was from a Yanker Peddier That the Parwers Learness to Utilise the Pinneth New They Shapely the World with the Farmer's Learness to Utilise the Pinneth New They Shapely the World with the Pinneth New They Shapel the Pinneth New They Shapel the Pinneth New They Shapel county, fields of sanching growing which he may be a such fairly the World with the Market of Shapel the Pinneth New They Shapel the Pinneth New Th

MAKING THE GUNS LOOK SMART. How the Glossy Brown Coat is Put on the

Cannon on the New Cruisers, Ever since our Government has been building up its great white navy, thousands of visitors have besieged the men-of-war whenever an anchorage in port has afforded the opportunity. Officers and men have been plied with questions concerning everything aboard the ship, from the pennant that flutters at her truck to the mysteries of her double bottom. The ponderous tapering rifles of the war ship, with their training wheels, cogs, and recoil cylinders, elicit, perhaps, most of the admiration and questioning. The visitor stands all eyes and ears as a bluejacket swings open the breech of the gun and explains the mechanism of the block and vent. Then the landsman gazes long and admiringly through the glittering rifled bars and wonders at the terrific power of so pretty and graceful a machine. And at last, when the breech block has been clattered back into place, the visitor in nine cases out of ten will ask a question that has been perplexing him ever since he laid eyes on the gun. "How do you obtain that deep bronze color on

the outside of these guns ?" The questioner is well aware that the gun is of steel, and he notices that the bronze color stops abruptly just over the curve of the breech. He has felt the glossy brown surface, with its darker lines, like the grain of polished mahogany, and has probably given it a surreptitious little scratch with his nail without being any the wiser. The russet gloss defies the scratch,

In the old days, when smooth-bore guns were painted black, they were polished to a high de-gree by rubbing with cork.

HIS NAME NOT NEEDED. Mine Host and Madam Knew Him Only by

"For the past five years," said an observing man, "I have been taking most of my lunchcons at a little German restaurant in the Swamp and my dinners at a little French restaurant up town. During all that time I have said "Guten tag' to my German host and 'Bon soir' to Malame. Occasionally we have exchanged remarks about the weather, and have in other ways given evidence of mutual esteem. Yet neither of them knows my name.
"When I first went to the German's I wondered

how he kept an account of my indebtedness. I sat at a long table with twenty others, and ordered what I wanted. There were only two waiters, and they had half a dozen tables to attend to, while the proprietor tended har and acted as easilier. When I finished my meal I called for my check and was directed to the proprietor. He gianced at a little slate and told me what I owed. As I was a stranger, as my order had not been written down, and as he had And never falls to cradical:

A TAX HIS from the system.

Don't let deallet and, drag, or pinder your ever address but what he had been me at the table. I could not see how he had delegatined me, or how he could not what he had been me, or how he could not have been what he had been had. Later I learned finat each what was no maker to the waiters would have load to aim as they give an order to the kindson of the kindson of the what to what he had been and being the paralysis though the had not been written down, and as he had not even seen me at the table of the waiters would toll to had the had. Later I learned finat each what was no maker to the waiters would have and the address the address they had been sent to be the counter of the chairs they had been was similar. There can do a where all drod treat was not required.

Send for PROF, WILSON'S BRITION.

Send for PROF, WILSON'S BRITION.

ARY OF DISEASE A Valuable Boa.

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NEW YOR'S LONGO DISEASE. A Valuable Boa.

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HOW THE SLEEPERS OF FORTY YEARS AGO WERE IMPROVED.

Mr. Pullman's Wakerul Night in One of the Old-fashioned Sleepers in 1858, and What Has Come of It Since Those Bark Ages.

There were cars in which travellers could deep after a fashion as early as 1830-37, and they were used on the Cumberland Valley Rail-road, running between Harrisburg and Cumberland. They were crude efforts, however, and were given up as early as ten years before the time when George M. Puliman began his efforts to build a car which might really be called a sleeping car. Theodore B. Woodruff is said to have been at work in 1854, five years before the first Pullman workshop was opened in Chicago. But to-day the name of Pullman is synonomous with a sleeping car, and Woodruff's name is forgotten, except as it survives through the Wagner company, which bought his rights and patents from him. The sleeping car of to-day is a very different

achievement from that which the early efforts of both these men produced. It will readily be seen how great the difference is when one reads a description of the sleeping car of thirty-five years ago, when certain roads, in order to increase travel, had begun to make certain clumsy attempts to provide the traveller with a sort of bunk, in which it was supposed he might be able to get a little sleep. This problem had been just presented to the railroads at that time by the completion of what were then considered long lines of travel. It involved, for instance, a journey of 400 miles to get to the Ohio River, at either Wheeling or Pittsburgh, and as long a journey to reach Lake Erie at either Buffalo or Dunkirk, and it took more time to travel 400 miles in those days than it does now to travel twice that distance. Night travel was, of course, necessary, and the railroads met that problem with a sleeping oar which was very much the same as an ordinary old-style day coach with its seats running the length of the car. The berths were made up three deep, like the bunks in a Chinese ledging house. The bottom man slept on the floor of the car, the one in the middle was suspended not very far above him, and the topmost passenger lay with his nose much too near the roof of the car for anything like complete comfort. There was no ventilation, no light to speak of, and sheets and pillow cases were luxuries undreamed of. There was a blanket and a mattress, and a haircloth pillow, with its stray bristles sticking into the unfortunate traveller's flesh. For this accomodation the passenger paid \$1 if he wanted the whole berth, but if he were willing to share it with somebody else, he could get off by paying half that sum. It was in such a car as this that George M.

Pullman occupied a bunk during a sixty-mile ide from Buffalo to Westfield. It was in 1858, and the sleeping car was making a trial trip on the Lake Shore road. Mr. Puliman did not sleep any more than the majority of his fellow pasany more than the majority of his fellow passengers. But as he lay awake he thought not only of how uncomfortable he was, but of the possibility of developing the sleeping-car idea into something which might provide real comfort and succeed in fulfilling to some attent the real purpose of these cars. Mr. Pullman says that he did not leave the sleeper at Westfield that night with the determination to make sleeping car construction his life occupation, but he was certain at that time that he could build a better sleeping car than the one in which he had just lain so very much awake. Later Mr. Pullman discussed a plan with Mr. Isen amin Field, a member of the Assembly who lived at Albion, N. Y., which was at that time Mr. Pullman's home. In 1859 Mr. Pullman went out to Chicago to take a sontract for the levelling of the streets, and the same year he hired a shop, employed a master mechanic and a number of workmen, and turned out his first car, which was run over the Chicago and Alton Railroad. It was the first sixteen-wheel car ever built, and was called the "Pioneer." It is still preserved at the company's works in Pullman twas larger than the ordinary coaches, and practically decided the size and form of the Pullman cars that succeeded it, only the length having been increased.

Until 1864 the form of car now in use, which is as available during the day time as at night, had never been thought of, the "Pioneer" having been built with the idea of using it only as a sleeping car. Abraham Lincoln is said to have been one of the carliest passengers on the "Pioneer," and his body was taken from Chicago to Springfield on this car. It was so much higher than any of its predecessors it could not pass under some bridges. They were removed by the railroad companies, however, when the trip was made with President Lincoln's body. Later Gen, Grant made a trip West in the car.

The "Pioneer" attracted so much attention that Mr. James F. Jay, Precident of the Michigan Central road, decided to try some of the cars on his line,

little scratch with his nail without being any the wiser. The russet gloss defies the scratch, and the visitor repeats his query. Then Jack proceeds to tell the process by which the guns on our fighting craft are kept cleaner and glossler than those of any navy in the world.

When a rifle comes from the arsenal it is transit, and this less the provent rusting during transit, and this less the provent rusting during transit, and this gen in a strong solution of commercial potash or lye. It is washed twice with this liquid and allowed to dry thoroughly. The gun is then like a glistening silver tube. The next operation, and one requiring more care, is the application of a mixture of sulphate of copper dissolved in sweet spirits of nitre. To an onne of each is added a pint of distilled water. Four coats of this are poured on and rubbed down hard and allowed to dry for twenty-four hours.

Under shis treatment the silver tube is transformed into one of a warm reddish brown with the gun assumes a darker tone. Now some the gun assumes a darker tone. Yow some the gun assumes a d

On Board the Vigilant.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Judging from Mate Haff's excuse for so many defeats, it looks a little as if all was not in good working order on board the Vigilant. In his letter printed the other day something like the tall of a cat ed the other day something like the tail of a cast sticks out of the bag, leaving us under the im-pression that the Yankee craft is badly handi-capped with too many Captains. Haft in the spinion of most yachtsmen in this country, is the hest handler of a racer that can be found on this side of the Atlantie. It might be wise to let him have his own way on beard the Vigilant. There is a strong snapi-cion that Nat Herreshoff has perhaps too much tessy in the management of that so far unlucky beat.

say in the management of the said of the war said.
But the world moves nevertheless. Time was then the Britisher sighed for stormy breezog and lumpy seas. Now the Yankee has dropped not the same condition, while the Englishman night forphyrs is as hapty as a butterfly. What we want to see for the grand finals is a lattle in a blow.

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